

The Perryburg Journal.

A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Interests of Wood County, Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Arts and Sciences, Home and Foreign News.

VOL. VI.

PERRYBURG, O., THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1859.

NO. XLIV

JAMES MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in the
United States and State Courts.

Office in the second story of the Perryburg Bank Building,
Perryburg, Ohio.

ASHER COOK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,
PERRYBURG, OHIO.
Office—Over J. A. Hall's Store.

The French and German Languages Spoken.

F. & D. K. HOLLENBECK,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND
GENERAL COLLECTING AND REAL
ESTATE AGENTS,
PERRYBURG, OHIO.

D. W. H. DAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.

BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.
BUSINESS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

GEORGE STRAIN,
Attorney at Law,
PERRYBURG, WOOD COUNTY, OHIO.

Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him in the several courts of Wood and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—Same as occupied by John Bates.
May 20, 1858—31st

DR. J. B. SMITH,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.
September 17, 1858—19th

DR. J. B. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BOWLING GREEN, OHIO.
All calls will be promptly attended to, both day and night.
[Feb. 11, 1858—1st]

BAIRD HOUSE,
C. C. BAIRD, PROPRIETOR,
PERRYBURG, OHIO.

Howell's Exchange,
(Formerly Spafford's Exchange.)

A. G. HOWELL, Proprietor,
Perryburg, Ohio.

This popular Hotel was never in better condition to accommodate its numerous guests than now. The rooms are commodious and well furnished, and the proprietor leaves nothing undone that will contribute to the comfort of his patrons.
The stabling is good, and every reasonable care will be bestowed upon horses, buggies, &c.
Dec. 16, 1858—[—32—1st]

HASKINS, ROLLER & HASKINS,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Hardware, &c., &c., &c.
PORTAGE WOOD COUNTY, OHIO.

Keep constantly on hand a good stock, which will be sold at very low rates.
FOR READY PAY ONLY.
C. HASKINS, J. R. ROLLER, W. HASKINS.
May 6, 1858—52nd

CROSS & CO.,
FINE WATCHES

Also, a large assortment of the latest and most fashionable styles of
Jewelry, Silver & Silver-Plated Ware
GOLD & SILVER SPECTACLES.
California Gold made into Watches and Jewelry.
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Corner Summit and Monroe Streets.
All goods warranted as represented, and they prove otherwise, the money will be returned. Watches and Jewelry repaired in the neatest and most substantial manner, by experienced workmen.
N. B. All kinds of Jewelry manufactured to order.

L. MATHIAS,
SUCCESSOR TO
C. W. SHERIFF,

Jobber and Retail Dealer in
PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS,
GUITARS,
And other Musical Instruments.

**SHEET MUSIC & MUSIC BOOKS,
ENGRAVINGS, PRINTS,
GILT MOUNTINGS,
LOOKING GLASSES,
PAPER SHADINGS,
WINDOW SEADERS, &c., &c.**
Summit Street, at the Bazaar,
TOLEDO, OHIO.

Dec. 16, 1858—32nd

HEADS IN!

JOHN BATT, WATERVILLE.
Makes to order, on short notice,
PORK AND FLOUR BARRELS, BUTTER FIRMS,
or any thing and everything in the Coopering Line, in the very best style and at low figures.
Waterville, Lucas Co., Dec. 31, 1857—84th

PERRYBURG PLANING MILL
and Sash Factory,
DANIEL LINDSAY, Proprietor.

MANUFACTURES to order, and keeps on hand, a general supply of
Doors, Sash, Blinds and Window Frames,
Plates, White Wood and Ash Flooring,
do
All kinds of Planing done to order. Orders promptly filled at Toledo prices, or, in some cases, below them.
(Perryburg, May 27, 1858—5th)

AMERICAN
WATCHES!

THEY ARE FAR SUPERIOR TO THE
ENGLISH LEVERS;
And are infinitely the
CHEAPEST AND BEST WATCH
Ever manufactured. For sale at
W. P. GRISWOLD'S,
MAINE CITY, Ohio, Dec. 9th, 1858—31

A. J. GARDNER, M. D.,
SURGEON,
Gilead, Wood County, Ohio.

Dr. Gardner has been engaged in practice for several years, and will continue to give special attention to the treatment of surgical diseases.
Jan. 8th, 1859—52nd

For the Journal.
Love's Dawning.

A gentle gush of love, sweet music
Stole o'er her young heart like the first faint kiss
Of radiant morn, tingling the sleeping flowers
With rays bright, waiting them from dawning
Love's light; it trembled in her soul as a burst
Of Heaven's sublime effulgence on a clear
Of softly-murmuring, silvery strains:
Art swept on wave of feeling in her bosom's
Deep fountain stirred with an impulse
Till then unknown. Oh! 'twas a wildly strange,
Mysterious spell that bound her young heart's
Tenderness with insipience—'twas like a strain
Of Eden minstrelsy that I have thought was wafted
From on high, to welcome new-born spirit
Unto earth;—and I have thought that music
Angels sang out from their seats and bring
To us that dear, ineffable, bewildering delight
That mingles with the first sweet consciousness
Of our existence.

Like this was the joy that added lustre
To her soft, dark eyes, that oft enticed
The rose-tint of her cheek with hue of deeper
Love's light, and brought that long, deep sigh
Of rapture from her full heart—an echo
Of the unuttered thoughts and hopes
And fears of love: for this was love.
'Twas in the joyous spring-time when her spirit,
Like a young bird, found its mate, and to her
Earth never appeared so fair as now
For in the vernal beauty of the woodland,
In every blossom bursting into life,
In each gleaming crest of each crystal wave,
She found but one thought—Love.

In the low, mystic murmur of the breeze
Wearing its witching twilight melody,
In each gladness that she heard,
There came a voice of music, breathing soft,
Sweeping her spirit's chords and waking there
Tones rich and wild, and deep as Nature's own—
A sweet, responsive cadence whispering—“Love.”

Guided being! upon the spirit's shrine
Now is kindled the holiest fire that e'er burned
Upon earthly altar—love like this
Nurses to life the sweetest flowers that form
The dearest clasp that binds the mortal brow.
Thou art captive now, and this thy first thrill.
So oft by Cupid's magic art hast thou
Enticed to stray from thy true path,
And feeling of thy soul is chained in bondage
Sweet—for pure, intense is thy devotion.
Now all the burning desire, immortal hopes,
And glorious aspirations that have kept
Within thy heart, find shape and tone;
And now they issue forth from the enchanted
Portal, an array as bright and beautiful
As ever dawned through the arch of fate
Of fairy land. Love never bore to thee
A meaning half so deep or strange before;
For in it now, thou findest a gush of rapture
New and wild, mysterious and ecstatic.
And yet, thou canst not tell the joy it brings;
No human language can translate its power,
And thou canst only know its ecstasy
With every pulse and fibre of thy heart.
Thou only wakest from each dream of bliss
To find a deeper joy in love's reality—
When soft sleep's pinnacles thy bosom lies
It ever finds thee sinking to thy dreams,
“Love” quivering on thy lips and in thy heart.
Like Leath Cottage, Feb. 1859.

For the Journal.
AN INDIAN STORY;
Founded on Facts which occurred in Wood
County many Years Ago.

CHAPTER V.

I had just returned home after an absence of
many months, and had taken my gun for a day's
shooting. Spring, lovely Spring, had come again
and with her genial breath had warmed into life
the woods and fields, and had clothed them in a
mantle of living green. All Nature had
awakened from the long and dreary sleep of
Winter, into life and joy and beauty. The cat-
tle on the hill side, as they nipped the fresh
springing grass, seemed to know and rejoice
that the season of musty hay and north-east
winds had passed—the little lambs, innocent
as young, frisked and played about in the sun-
shine as thoughtlessly as though life was but a
sporting stage, on which realities and mutton
chops played no part;—the barn yard cock, a
perfect Mormon in the number of his wives,
strutted and flipped his wings and crowed, as
he marched with majestic tread into a neighbor-
ing meadow, followed by his feathered tribe—
while the little birds twittered their delight at
the return of this, the season of their pleasures,
as they flitted from branch to branch or busied
themselves in refitting and rebuilding their nests
for the coming summer. As I have said, on
that beautiful spring morning I took my gun
and started for the woods, with no definite
purpose, but with the secret hope that I might see
Keelmond, whom I had resolved never to visit
again, and whom I had not met since the night
described in the last chapter. Notwithstanding
the resolution which I had made, never again
to visit the Indian village, I found myself walk-
ing about in sight of it for several hours, looking
anxiously in every direction, with the hope of
seeing her, whom I had vainly resolved not to
see. It was nearly night, and I had given up all
expectation of meeting her, and had started
home by the path bordering the river, when, to
my surprise, I saw her seated near the water,
weeping. She did not see me until I was quite
near; then, hesitating a moment, she ran to me,
and with a sad smile and an effort to look hap-
py, warmly welcomed me back again. I looked
into her care-worn face a moment, and at once,
as I thought, knew the cause of her sorrow. I
resolved to know from her own lips if my
suspicions were true.

She urged me to accompany her to the village,
and I consented. When we had walked on a
little way, I said to her, rather abruptly—
“Keelmond, you are unhappy. What troubles
you?”

She seemed taken by surprise, at this turn in
our conversation, but, with an effort to look
cheerful, said—
“I am happy; but when you came, up I was
very foolishly, giving way to my fancied
troubles. It is all over now, and I am happy at
seeing you again.”

“You cannot deceive me, Keelmond,” I con-
tinued, “something troubles you; you have
been weeping, and it is not the passing sorrow
which you affect; your countenance is wasted
with care and trouble. What is it, Keelmond?”
I said with a voice of sympathy, “that makes
you unhappy? Have you lost confidence in me?
Can you not tell me your troubles now as freely
as you used to when we wandered together in
the woods—as you used to, I continued, “be-
fore you knew Charles Lenox?”

At the mention of his name she recoiled as
if pierced to the heart with an arrow, but, soon
recovering her self-possession, said in a tone of
sorrow which she did not try to conceal—

“You must not ask me, now, to explain more
to you—I know that you are my friend, and,
sometimes, I will tell you all.”

Much as I longed to pursue the subject fur-
ther, I was restrained by this answer, and re-
solving to see her soon again, excused myself,
and just as the sun was going down behind the
trees, started for home.

“How changed!” I kept repeating to myself.
Yes, amid all the life and beauty of surrounding
Nature, there was one wild flower, drooping and
going to decay—one soul that did not rejoice at
the return of Spring. I thought of the time
when I had first seen her, bounding joyously
through the woods with Komocho. I remem-
bered her as she was when we in company
gathered wild flowers, on the banks of the river,
and in some pleasant retreat we them into gar-
lands for her hair. I thought of her as I had
seen her at the green corn dance, with a coun-
tenance lit up with the glow of maidenly love,
and I repeated to myself, “How changed!”

I sought an early opportunity to see her
again, and drew from her the confession of her
heart-breaking sorrow.

We were seated together in a quiet retreat,
where, many times before, we had come to
dream away the long Summer afternoons, in
building air castles, and in the spirit of true
poetry, picturing to ourselves a future rainbow
tinted and beautiful as was ever painted in ro-
mance. Here we had again met—but, I con-
tinued to say to myself, “How changed!” For
some time we sat together talking of common-
place events, which neither cared about, until
I, finding that I must introduce the subject
which evidently was uppermost in both our
minds, said—

“Keelmond, you promised me that you would
tell me what troubled you; do not think me
officious or induced by idle curiosity to learn
your secrets, but tell me as an old friend, one
whom you can confide in, what makes you un-
happy? She looked at me timidly for a mo-
ment, and then, as if resolved to relieve her
mind of the burden which was weighing it
down, said—

“You have always been my friend, Ned; I
know it. I will confide in you now.” She hesi-
tated—tears came into her eyes, and giving way
to her feelings, she wept as if her heart would
break. The great fountain of her sorrow was
broken up, and for a time she gave way to her
feelings without an effort to restrain them—
Finally, checking herself, and drying her eyes,
she said, while almost choking with convulsive
sobs, “I am very foolish! I know that I am
very foolish!”

I tried to soothe her, but for a time she seemed
inconsolable.

“I am only a poor Indian girl!”—exclaimed
she in the bitterness of her sorrow—“I am only
an Indian!”

I was more than ever confirmed in the belief
that my first suspicions were correct, and re-
solving to bring her at once to the subject, said,
“Keelmond, Mr. Lenox is the cause of your
unhappiness?”

At the mention of his name, she started up,
and glancing wildly at me, said, in a voice al-
most of defiance—
“No, he is not! Do not mention his name
lightly!”

For a moment her Indian blood was aroused,
but again giving vent to her feelings, she buried
her face in her hands, and wept the tears of her
bitter disappointment. I was resolved not to be
baffled thus, and again I said, with as much of
sympathy as I could throw into the tone of my
voice—

“Keelmond, do not blame me, but I am con-
vinced that Charles Lenox has deceived you—
he is the cause of your troubles.”

She did not look up—did not answer, but re-
mained sobbing, with her face buried in her
hands. I followed up the advantage that I had
gained, and before leaving obtained from her a
confession of her love, and the fact which I
knew was causing her present unhappiness—
Mr. Lenox had told her that he was about to
return to Boston—that he could not take her
with him—that he would never return—that
he would marry her were she not an Indian—
At first I expressed my resentment—threatened
to take vengeance upon him, but she, becoming
alarmed for his safety, exacted a pledge from me
that I would not harm him. “I am only a poor
Indian girl,” she would say, “and he is a pale
face, and lives in a great city, and is rich, and
were he to marry me, he could not return again
to his home. No, I must not blame him; he loves
me, he has been kind to me, he has given me
many rich dresses, and beads, and jewelry; I
would not see him harmed for the world. No, I
do not blame him, he has been very kind and
good to me.”

I saw that it was useless to reason with her,
and learning that Mr. Lenox was designing to
leave the West for Boston in a week or two, I
resolved to seek him and if possible induce him
to act honorably towards Keelmond, whom he
had so cruelly deceived.

Several days passed and I went to see Mr.
Lenox at his uncle's, who resided some miles
away. I told him that I knew all—I even in-
formed him of what I had overheard on the
night when I lay concealed to watch them—
This surprised, and evidently alarmed him; but
he continued to treat the matter lightly, saying
that she would forget him in a few days—that
she was only an Indian squaw—that to think of
marrying her, was the wildest absurdity. Not-
withstanding the light manner which he affect-
ed to treat the matter, I could see that he was
troubled at the thought of thus leaving her—of
thus blasting all her hopes; for he knew how
wildly—how devotedly she loved him.

I tried threats, but at this he only laughed,
and said that I was only wasting my breath—
that he was not accustomed to be dictated to by
ignorant back-woodsmen. It was with difficul-

ty that I could keep my hands off of him, but
my promise to Keelmond I considered sacred,
and I choked my resentment as best I could, and
for the time being, submitted to be insulted
without an attempt to vindicate my manhood.

Before leaving him, he said to me, in a man-
ner which seemed to indicate a desire on his
part to apologize for what he had previously
said, “Ned, I have always liked you, but you can-
not change my purposes; I shall leave him, and I
hope you will ever be as true a friend of the
lovely Keelmond as you have heretofore proved
yourself; she is a noble girl, and, were she
white, she should not remain here in the back-
woods, but I would take her home with me, and
make her a fine lady—as it is, I must leave; I
must, in short, be dishonorable. Is this a satis-
factory confession? Do not mention the sub-
ject again,” said he, brushing away a tear which
he tried to conceal, “the Fates have decreed that
I shall go, and I submit to my destiny. I shall
visit the village on Sunday next, and will leave
here on Monday. Shall I meet you there?” I
promised that I would be there, and left, to
think over the ten thousand thoughts which
came rushing upon my mind. “Poor Keel-
mond!” I thought, “how little do you realize
your fate.”

The next day, which I think was Friday, I
sought out Keelmond again, and informed her of
my visit to Mr. Lenox. She anxiously inquired
after him—wanted to know if he was well, and
manifested all the tenderness and solicitude for
him, that was possible. She did not complain, but
when I told her that he was coming on Sunday
to bid her good-by, her countenance lit up with
a secret joy which I then little understood.

“I will never see him again,” she said in a
tone of resignation, which I was little prepared
to hear. “Poor Charles!” exclaimed she, “I
hope he will be happy,” and getting up, left the
place where we had been sitting, and soon re-
turned with a beautiful pair of moccasins, in-
wrought with beads, which she had worked
with her own hands, and while the tears stood
in her eyes, said—

“Give these to him when he comes, and say
to him that Keelmond will always think of and
love him, that when he is far away, she wishes
him to keep these, which I have made for him,
and when he looks at them, remember the ‘wild
flower,’ as he always calls me, which he met in
the far off West. Tell him this, for I cannot
and you will prove yourself the friend that I
have always thought you.”

She turned away towards the village, leaving
me seated there unable to utter a word. Long
did I remain. A sorrow which I could not
remove, had taken possession of me, and my
only thoughts were pity for poor Keelmond.

Sunday morning came, and I hastened to the
village—wondering whether I should see Keel-
mond—wondering how Charles Lenox would
take leave of the Old Chief and his daughters—
On arriving there, I saw several Indians sur-
rounding the door of the Chief's wigwam—
Sorrow was depicted in their countenances. I
hastened up and—how shall I relate it—there
lay the beautiful Keelmond, with a countenance
as sweet and composed as if she was in a gen-
tle sleep—dead. She had climbed up a tree which
overhung the river, and like the gentle Ophelia,
“fell in the weeping brook,” where she was
found soon after by her sister, who had gone in
search of her.

In her bosom was concealed a paper, on which
was written these words—
“I do not wish to live. I will go to the
bright hunting grounds which lie beyond this
life, and wait until he comes—to that land where
we will all be of one color, where I will no longer
be an Indian. Then he will love me, then I
shall be happy. Good-by, Charles! Your Keel-
mond will wait for you until you come!”

When Charles Lenox heard of the death of
Keelmond, he resolved not to go to the village,
but to leave that part of the country as soon as
possible. For several weeks he had not visited
the village.

Komocho mourned the loss of her sister with
a grief that was almost insupportable, but when
the letter was shown her which had been found
in Keelmond's bosom, she uttered the deep curse
of her tribe on him who had caused this sorrow,
and, recovering her self-possession, she soon
left the village, undiscovered by any one. She
sought out Charles Lenox, and with a poisoned
arrow revenged the death of her sister. The two
were buried together on a little mound not far
from the village, where, for many years they re-
mained undisturbed—until the friends of Mr.
Lenox removed his remains to Boston.

Not many years afterwards, the Old Chief and
his tribe, moved farther West to keep out of the
way of advancing civilization. He has since
died; but his daughter, Komocho, still lives in
the backwoods beyond the Mississippi, the wife
of one of the braves of her father's tribe, and
is surrounded by a family of children—he loves
of which, a beautiful girl of fifteen sum-
mers, is named Keelmond, after the heroine of
this story.

Many long years have passed since the inci-
dents which I have here described—many years
of care and trouble. The red men who in-
habited our country then, have passed away—
until now, scarcely one remains to tell the
story of their wrongs—we think of them as of
wild beasts, seldom giving them credit for pos-
sessing those finer feelings of the soul which we
claim for ourselves, but while I remember
the self-sacrificing love of the gentle Keelmond,
the depth of her devotion, the purity of all her
thoughts, I shall believe that all virtue and re-
finement of feeling are not confined alone to
those having pale faces.

A boy fell through a hole in the ice at Au-
burn, N. Y., and was carried 30 feet by the
current, when he came up a accidentally through an
open aperture, and was rescued.—*Lincoln*
Gazette.

On the Sands.
BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I met Jessie Leigh
On the sands;
Sweetly she smiled on me,
While breezes from the sea
Brought dreamy notes from distant lands,
And the warm sunshine fell
O'er wood and pebble and shell,
Upon the sands.

I sat with Jessie Leigh
On the sands;
Very fair was she
And very kind to me;
Kissed her forehead and her dainty hands,
While the white moon above
Witnessed our vows of love,
Upon the sands.

I saw Jessie Leigh
On the sands;
Cold and still lay she,
Drowned in the cruel sea;
Her fair hair floating in disheveled strands,
Would to God I, too, had died,
And slept there by her side,
Upon the sands!

Our Scissors.

—Two members of one family in Bureau, Ill.,
(a child and an old lady) suffering from an in-
flammation of the eyes, were almost simultane-
ously struck blind by the bursting of the eye
balls last week.

—Field, who has absconded from Brooklyn
N. Y., having embezzled over \$50,000, it ap-
pears has squandered his money at the gaming
table. Within three months he has lost heavily
—at one evening \$500, on New Year's eve
\$1000 and at another time all the money he had
and his gold watch.

—Sr. Lucer, March 2.—T. S. Joseph, corres-
pondent of the Republican, under date of the
27th ult., says that a special messenger from
Platt City brings information that Doy and son,
confined on charge of running off negroes, were
forcibly taken from jail last night by a mob of
300 men, and hung. The reason assigned is that
the court would acquit the prisoners on the ground
that it was not the proper district to try them in.

—They have smart boys down in Albany—
One of them, a pupil in one of the city schools,
got off a pleasant little conceit in rhyme, the
other day, as follows:

The moon was sitting in a cloud,
Full fledged in golden light,
A hatching out the little stars—
The children of the night,
But out of all that brilliant brood,
Produced by Luna pale
There was but one poor little chick
That could display its tail.

About So.—A bachelor says: “A woman
will cling to the chosen object of her heart like
a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate
her without snapping strings no art can mend,
and leaving a portion of her soul on the upper
leather of your affections. She will sometimes
see something to love where others see nothing
to admire; and where fondness is once fastened
on a fellow it sticks like glue and molasses in a
busy head of hair.”

—The private Secretary of the Governor of
New York is a wag. The other day, a young
man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the Ex-
ecutive Chamber and asked for the Governor—
“What do you want with him?” inquired the
Secretary. “Oh, I want an office with a good
salary—a sinecure.” “Well,” replied the Sec-
retary, “I can tell you something better for you
than a sinecure—you had better try a water
cure.” A new idea seemed to strike the young
inebriate, and he vanished.

PAULY-FINDING.
What are another's faults to me?
I've not a virtue's ball
To peek at every flaw I see,
And make it wider still.
It is enough for me to know
I've follies of my own,
And on my heart the care bestow,
And let my friends alone.

—A correspondent of the *Homestead* gives
the following: “It won't do to laugh at Con-
necticut any longer for wooden nutmegs.—
New Hampshire has beat her, and must be the
banner State for rogues. I see in the news-
papers that the Legislature of that State has
been obliged to repeal the law offering a bounty
for the destruction of crows, in consequence of
the practice which has prevailed of procuring
crows' eggs and hatching them under hens, and
bringing forward the brood for the bounty!”

ORRILL'S BILL VETOED.—The President has
again resorted to that dangerous, despotic,
autocratic power, the Veto, to kill one of the
most important measures of the present Congress,
which passed both Houses by a decided majority.
Anything that tends to encourage Agriculture,
foster the Arts and Sciences and disseminate
intelligence among the masses, is dangerous, and
not to be tolerated by a party whose stronghold
is founded on ignorance and party servility. Af-
ter squandering a large surplus revenue and run-
ning the country into debt for millions of dollars,
the President makes the pitiable excuse that it
deprives the Treasury of \$7,000,000. At the
same time he asks \$50,000,000 as pocket money,
to insult Spain, and involve us in a war with
France and England. His motto is, “Millions
for Cuba, but not a cent for the solid interests of
the country.”—*Tiffin's Tribune.*

—There are many strange characters in the
Ohio Penitentiary, and let it not be supposed
that all are hardened, heartless wretches. Read
what one of them says in a letter to his friends:
“Would that I could behold you once more,
and enjoy the blessed privilege of liberty. But
alas! it seems as if my kind angels, if I have
any, have deserted me forever. Tell my com-
rades to forego one or two games of euchre and
bestow the time in writing to me, for my good.
My health is good and my head is clear of whisky
now, and I think it will ever remain so. I try
to make my situation as happy as possible, but
to little effect, however, as all my trying does
but little good, for I have lost my liberty, and a
foul stain is on my character.”

Another, in a recent letter, writes:
“Deliver me from this earthly hell. I have
done it all myself and I alone am to blame. Had
I taken the good advice of my friends, and kept
clear of bad company, I should not now be here.
Gumming and drinking have done it, but I
ever get my liberty. I will keep from all such
company, for the wages of sin is death, morally
and eternal.”

OFF FOR THE GOLD REGION.—On Tuesday
next the first party starts from this place for the
Pike's Peak Gold Region. The persons com-
posing the party are W. H. C. Mitchell, John
Carpenter, Russ Delzell, A. G. Musser, D. A.
Eller, Harry Tingle, E. P. Cole, E. Standiford,
Samuel Brown, and Cyrus Mowen. They are
all men of energy, and go with a determination
to win. Some of them have been through the
California Mines in years past, and have the ex-
perience of old miners. They are to outfit at
St. Joseph, Missouri, and expect to be in the
Gold Region about the first of April, if they
have good luck. Another party is forming to
leave in about four weeks. The Pike's Peak
fever will take fully one hundred people from
Allen County during the coming Spring.—*Lincoln*
Gazette.

Sherman's Investigating Commit-
tee.

THE MINORITY REPORT.—This statement
signed by Messrs. Sherman and Ritchie, refers
to the general organization of the bureaus in the
Navy Department, and the expenditures in each
bureau since 1852, but states that in the enquiry
the committee was mainly confined to the form
of the expenditures. First, the purchase of fuel
in the Navy; second, the purchase of live oak
timber; third, the management of the Navy
Yards; and fourth, the contracts for steam ma-
chinery.

The Coal Agency which was established in
1850, and the amount of coal purchased in 1858,
was 35,000 tons. The compensation allowed was
five per cent. on the cost of the coal. In
May 1858, some of the applicants met at Wash-
ington with their friends, and agreed that Dr.
Hunter, of Reading, Pennsylvania, should be
appointed Coal Agent, and that the profits should
be divided between Hunter, Mr. G. S. Smith,
of the Reading Gazette, and John F.
Smith, of Philadelphia.

This agreement was made known to the Presi-
dent, and Dr. Hunter was appointed. Dr. Han-
ter was a practicing physician. He knew nothing
about coal, and did not buy any, but turned
the whole business over to Messrs. Tyler, Stone
& Co. a firm in Philadelphia, of which C. Nich-
olas Beach, a nephew of Mr. Toucy, is a mem-
ber. This firm bought all the coal for the Navy,
charging about fifty cents a ton more than the
market price, and Dr. Hunter received \$7,483,
as his profits as Coal Agent, and did nothing.

In 1856, Swift & Wheeler, of Massachusetts,
made a contract with George Pitt, of Philadel-
phia, an intimate friend of Mr. Buchanan, the
Pitt should aid in getting the live oak contracts
with the government, and should have 10 per
cent. on the gross amount of the contract.

Mr. Pitt was to put Swift on familiar rela-
tions with the Department in the campaign of
1856. Swift contributed to the election in
Pennsylvania \$16,000, paying it to Pitt, as the
Treasurer of the Democratic State Committee.

Pitt did all the secret work in the matter.
Pitt's interviews with the President and Sec-
retary Toucy. In 1855, Swift got live oak con-
tracts to the amount of \$250,000. In executing
this contract, he delivered at the Navy Yard a
large amount of timber, which was rejected, so
because it was not the size required by the
contracts, and some for defects. In June, 1858,
advertisements were issued by the Secretary for